TALES OF ALL COUNTRIES.

RETURNING HOME.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

It is generally supposed that people who live at nome, good domestic people, who love tea and their armchairs and who keep the parior nearth rug ever warm, it is generally supposed that these are the people who value home the that cherished institution. I am inclined to doubt this. It is, I think, to those who live furthest away from home, to those who find the greatest difficulty in visiting home, that the word conveys the sweetest idea. In some distant parts of the world it may be that an Englishman acknowledges his permanent resting place; but there are many others in which he will not call his daily house his home. He would, in his own idea, descorate the word by doing so. His home is across the blue waters. in the little northern island, which perhaps he may visit no more; which he has left, at any , for half his life; from which circumstances and the necessity of living have banished him. His home is still in England, and when he speaks of home his thoughts are there.

to one can understand the intensity of this feeling who has not seen or felt the absence of interest in life which falls to the lot of many who have to eat their bread on distant soils. We are all apt to think that a life in strange countries will be a life of excitement, of stirring enterprise, and varied scenes; that in abandoning the comforts of home, we shall receive in exchange more of movement and of adventure than would come in our way in our own tame country; and this feeling has, I am sure, sent many a young man roaming. Take any spirited fellow of twenty, and ask him whether he would like to go to Mexico for the next ten years! Prudence and his father may ultimately save him from such banishment, but he will not refuse without a pang of regret.

Alas! it is a mistake. Bread may be earned,

THE SUN, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1894.

See that the street and the third of the formation of the street and the s

without waiting fully sixty seconds to comprehend it. They were the laughing stock of the town, and the mischievous little boys used to run after them and yell at them, 'Messieurs, are you awake?' But the joke never penetrated them. They would look around in wonder, but evidently they never thought that the boys were yelling at them. When they went to visit they always fell sound asleep, and it was said of one of them that one night when he was calling on the pretty daughter of a neighbor she went out

The Learned Freach Barber's Account of a Tournament in Mis Native City.

The fat man who sat in Monsteur's chair was evidently very tired. He made many desperate efforts to keep his eyes open and to follow. Monsieur's remarks, but finally his will gave way, and he fell sound asleep. He awoke Just as Monsieur was putting the finishing touches to his beard. He apologized, and Monsteur said that he was forgiven. Then Monsieur added:

"As you lay there sleeping, Monsieur, my memory carried me back to the great sleeping contest at Toulon, which took place some thirty years say, when I was still living in my father house. It was a great affair, and was talked of for many months before and after it occurred."

"Ah, ha," said the fat man.

"Yes," added the barber: "it was a very curious affair, and I remember it afforded me much amusement. The idea was so funny. It makes me laugh now to think of it. You see, at that time there were two fellows in Toulon who were noted for being long sleeppes. Fat, rosy-cheeked fellows they were, strong as oxen, and yet they were, strong as oxen, and yet they were streking their fungers in their laws as appeared sleepy. One never saw them with their eyes wide open, and haif the time they cheeked fellows they were, strong as oxen, and yet they were streking their fungers in their says from the time they are supported and the proposed his eyes and gaped at the andlence. The was a wild should be appeared to the history four hours from the time they can be added to the high from closing. My! my but it was fonny. Neither one was over twenty, and yet they were both great big, hulking fellows who weighed close on to two hundred pounds. Their cheeks were so fat that they hung down like bags of jelly, and when they hung down like bags of jelly, and when they walked they shook and quaked. When you spoke to these fellows they shook and quaked. When without waiting fully slaty seconds to comprehend it. They were the laughing stock of the

AMERICAN CIGARS ABROAD. New York Manufacturers Preparing to Push Their Trade in Europe.

Several firms of cigar manufacturers in this

city are about to make an effort to push their trade in Europe, and especially in England. This is made possible by section 9 of the new Tariff bill. In accordance with this section regulations have been framed by the Commisstoner of Internal Revenue to facilitate the